

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 510.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1882.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER 35.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, — — — Editor and Proprietor.
T. R. WALTON, — — — Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.50 PER ANNUM.

The Lost Babies.

Come, my wife, lay down the Bible,
Lay your glasses on the book;
Both of us bent and aged,
Backward mother, let us look
This is still the same old homestead
With the same old trees, the same old fence,
When the hair was bright with sunshine.
This is now like winter's snow.
Let us talk about the babies,
As we sit here all alone,
Such a merry troop of youngsters;
How we lost them, one by one,

Jack, the first of all the party,
Came to us one Winter's night;
Jack, you said, should be the parson,
Long before he saw the light.
Do you see that great cathedral,
Filled from transept to the nave;
Hear the organ, grandly pealing,
Watch the silken hanging wave;
See the priest, in robes of office,
With the altar at his back,
Would you think that gifted preacher
Could be our own little Jack?

Then a girl, with curly tresses,
Used to climb upon my knee,
Like a little fairy princess,
Ruling at the age of three;
With the years there came a wedding—
How your fond heart swelled with pride
When the lord of all the country
Came to us, having won the bride,
Watch that steady carriage coming,
And that form reclining there—
Would you think that stately lady
Could be our own little Clare?

Then the last, a blue eyed youngster—
I can hear him pratting now—
Such a strong and sturdy fellow,
With a bold and honest brow.
How he used to love his mother;
Ah! I see your trembling lip;
He is far off on the water,
Captain of a royal ship.
See the bronze upon his forehead,
Hear the voice of stern command—
That's the boy who clung so fondly
To his mother's gentle hand.

Ah! my wife, we've lost our babies,
Ours so long and ours alone;
What are we to these great people,
Stately men and women grown?
Saddens do we ever see them.
Yes, a bitter tear-drop starts,
And we sit here in the firelight,
Lonely heart and lonely hearts.
All their lives are full without us;
They'll stop long enough, just to lay us in the church-yard,
Then they'll each go on their way.

House Cleaning.
The carpet tack trembles all over with glee,
And the tack-hammer's joyous and gay,
To think what a—a time these will be—
Twixt now and the first of May.
—[New York Dispatch.]

Blow Out Their Candles.
In years ago, when the tall candle was the brightest light in the richest farm house of the land, an old chap, living over in Jersey, got word one day that a New Yorker was coming out to see his farm, with a view of purchasing. The whole family donned their Sunday best, and as evening came the anxious farmer looked down the road and said to his wife:

"There he comes, Sally, you'd better light three candles."

He took another look and suggested that she light two more dips, so as to give the house a cheerful appearance, and took his station at the gate to welcome the expected purchaser. Five candles illuminated the old farmhouse as the traveler drove up in a buggy. The farmer took one long squint at him through the gloom, and then hurried into the house shouting out:

"Sally! Sally! Blow out four of them candles quicker'n scat, for it's nothing but a bald headed circuit rider."—[Wall-street News.]

Oh, no, my son, that dignified gentleman who looks down upon you with such majestic complacency, who possesses the grace of Apollo Belvidere, the proud front of Jove and the equanimity of the mummified remains of Rameses the First—that sublime personage, my son, is not an Emperor, King, Prince or President of some powerful nation, neither he the owner of countless millions, nor the landlord of this caravanary. He is far above all thrones, dominations, principalities, powers. He is mightiest in the mightiest. Look at him, my son, and tremble. Behold the head waiter, and shrink into nothingness before his transcendent grandeur—and cheek.—[Boston Transcript.]

Hon. M. H. Owsley, of Lancaster, is spending a few days in this city. He has been frequently and prominently mentioned in connection with the democratic gubernatorial nomination for 1882, and we understand he has determined to become a candidate. As Circuit Judge of his district for the past eight years, Judge Owsley has made himself a fine reputation. He is a pleasant gentleman, a true democrat, and as a candidate for governor, will receive a hearty support from democrats in all parts of the State.—[Frankfort Yeoman.]

Couldn't keep the run? A leading citizen of Dallas, one of the most intelligent property-owners in the town, was reading a newspaper in the Texas Sifters office yesterday, when he came across the paragraph, "The admission of Dakota is a foregone conclusion at Washington," whereupon he said: "I can't keep up with the run of the Washington scandals, there are so many of them. What did Dakota admit?"

Jumbo's first refreshments on American soil were whisky and onions, and John Kelly, wandering in the vicinity of the cage, exclaimed—"The boys are in a caucus!"

Saturday Night.

While life lasts, years, months, weeks and days come alike to all. This great big planet, with its mountains, hills and valleys, continues to revolve in the immensity of space, performing its usual revolutions.

Time moves on. We can not, as did Joshua of old, compel the sun to stand still, even for an instant. The golden moments—life's most precious treasures, so precious that only one is given to us at a time—are fast passing away.

The tireless hands of the great town clock in its high tower indicate with unerring certainty the fleetness of time. We note their position on the broad, white dial-plate, and say we will be here or there in business or pleasure, at a certain time, to perform some deed or fulfill some promise. We build castles and fill them with beauties which satisfy our immortal longings for the time being, but when we approach them, like the mirage of the desert, they have disappeared, leaving us to build and furnish another. And so the world goes on from year to year, until the last day is reached and life's labors and pleasures are over. Each locality—each heart—has had its sensation. Perhaps it may have been a love affair, perhaps an entanglement in the meshes of the law; perhaps a long looked for wedding, a birth, a death, or the saddest of all, the ruin of some poor, misguided soul. The comedy of life is the better part of it all. The good and true and virtuous of the world are surely entitled to as much of its pleasantness as those who are steeped in the mire and slime of dissipation and sin, and it is well to make the most and best of the days that are ours.

But the play will soon be finished, the curtain rung down, and the lights extinguished on this great drama which we call life, and all should qualify themselves for their part in the great final tragedy of death.

Vengeance Upon a Muse.
Old Silas was a very revengeful man. Now, Silas owned a mule, and one day the mule raised his hind legs and smote Silas, whereupon the old man sat upon the barn floor and wept. Suddenly he smiled, and seizing a grain sack he filled it with sand and stones, and tied a leather apron around it. Then he hung it down from a beam right behind the mule. A shudder passed over the animal, but he nerved himself and let fly. He sent the bag to the roof, but the recoil struck him with surprise, not once, but two or three times. The mule was astonished, shocked! He wasn't used to being kicked back. They again and the bag kicked back. They kept up the contest all day, and towards evening the mule showed signs of weakening, but old Silas was not satisfied yet. He went to bed, and during the night he heard the mule braying for mercy, but his heart was hardened. When he went to the stable in the morning the sand bag was as fresh as ever, but the mule had laid down in despair and was dead—died of a broken heart.

The Gift Dodge.
A woman was buying tea at a place in Washington, where, on certain days, diamonds, rings and money are given away as prizes in a certain number of packages sold. The other day a lady stepped forward and invested her dollar. "I'll give you \$5 for your package before opening," said the clerk. She declined. It was opened. There were only fifteen cents in it. She bought another package, the same offer made and declined. There were only fifteen cents in that one. She bought a third package. "I'll give you \$35." She hesitated, then consented. It was opened and found to contain \$500 in gold pieces. This attracted attention, and the buying of \$1 packages became very brisk. A gentleman followed the lady to her hotel and asked her name. Mrs. —, said the clerk. It was the wife of the proprietor of the tea store.

The Fastest Ocean Trip.
The steamship Alaska, of the Guion Line, now stands at the head of the list of fast ocean vessels. The recent trip across the Atlantic was accomplished in 7 days 6 hours and 43 minutes actual time. She sailed from New York on March 21 and passed Fastnet at 5:20 p. m. on the 28th. The fastest voyage which has been made previous to this was by the famous Arizona, also of the Guion Line, which crossed the Atlantic in 7 hours 7 days and 48 minutes. The weather is not reported to have been unusually fine.

Archery for Firemen.
A number of experiments were tried in Washington lately by General Meigs, to test the utility of bows and arrows for carrying life lines for fire escapes. He found that an arrow carrying a ball of twine could be shot with considerable accuracy to a height of eighty feet. The twine was strong enough to lift a rope ladder to the windows of a roof of a lofty building.

Barnes, the Kentucky evangelist, accepted a purse of \$800 for his highly successful revival work in the village of Paris. This fact is being used against him, on the ground that he professes utter disinterestedness. He replies that the money will be devoted to the education of his daughter.—[New Haven Register.]

The latest horticultural work—
The Art of Thinning Out Fruit.
By J. Frost.

Newspaper Borrowers.

An exchange recently published a letter from a lady subscriber, in which she complained bitterly of the annoyance she experienced from the habit her female neighbors had of constantly borrowing her papers. The exchange offers the suffering lady, and others similarly situated, an adequate means of succor. Here is the plan: Let the lady, immediately upon receiving the paper, carefully cut from it some item—most any item will do, only let it be neatly and carefully removed from the paper. Then the following procedure will be sure to ensue: In a few moments the neighbor's boy will come after the paper—he will take it home—within three minutes he will emerge from the house and scoot down the street and very often return with a folded newspaper of the same date as the one just borrowed. By the time the clipped paper has circled around among the female borrowers, the streets will be lively with hurrying boys, and the revenue of the paper will be materially increased. Not one woman among them would be able to sleep a wink without knowing just exactly what that cut-out item was. The next day the lady must pursue the same course, and similar results will surely follow. In an extremely obstinate neighborhood these proceedings have to be repeated three or four days, but no longer. By that time the lady will be able to read her paper in peace, and the newspaper's financier will be the gainer through several new subscribers. This rule is infallible where the borrowers are females, but it can't be vouchsafed for in the case of men. There isn't that inherent curiosity to work upon, to double discount them, and whether they have been charged wrongfully or not, the Governor's handy and frequent use of the pardoning power has done much to clog the wheels of justice and prevent a proper execution of the law in this county.—[Hart County Local.]

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Kiss Your Wives.
Bro. Barnes, in one of his last sermons here said that mean husbands were too common, and could be found everywhere. He spoke of the power of kindness, and said there were probably men under the sound of his voice who had not kissed their wives for five years. And those wives who are now faded women, years ago were blooming girls, to whom these now neglectful husbands have down on their "marrow bones" vowing they would not live without and pledging eternal love and fidelity. These women were now starving for the love on which they fed in the first years of wedlock. "Go home," exclaimed Mr. Barnes, "throw thy arms around the old woman's neck, and surprise her with a rousing smack, and see how much good will result from it. We cannot, of course, say whether or not Mr. B.'s advice was taken, but had we been a Benedict we could not have resisted it.—[True Kentuckian.]

Robberies By The James Gang.
The bank and train robberies committed by the James gang are as follows: Columbia, Ky., \$15,000; Russellville, \$20,000; Huntington, W. Va., \$19,000; Liberty, Mo., \$12,000; Corydon, Iowa, \$9,000; St. Genevieve, Mo., \$17,000; Corinth, Miss., \$9,000; Jewelry at Corinth, \$5,000; Gads Hill, \$20,000; Muncie, \$20,000; Big Spring, gold, \$50,000. Total, \$206,000. This does not include stage and other robberies which are estimated at over \$50,000.

The Wise Editor.
A western editor offers a prize of \$50 and a year's subscription for the best written proposal of marriage from a lady. He picked out a nice proposal from a beautiful and wealthy widow, answered it, accepting the proposal, and with the threat of a breach of promise suit, actually captured her. Editors may not acquire wealth by writing twenty-three hours a day, but when their genius takes the right shot, they deserve the perquisites.—[Boomerang.]

An Irishman applied to an overseer of a ship-yard to be put on a job. He was informed that his request could not be complied with; but, as Pat continued to gaze at an anchor which was lying in the vicinity, the foreman repeated his reply that there was no work for him, and advised him to go away. "Divil the bit will I stir, sor, till I see the mon that's going to use that pick!"

A story is told of a Jew of Tewksbury, in 1820, who fell into a well on Saturday—the Jewish Sabbath. Out of reverence for the day he would not suffer himself to be drawn out. The Earl of Glaston, on whose land the well was, would not allow him to be taken out the next day out of respect for Sunday, and before Monday came that pick!

Three degrees of mining speculation—Positive, mine; comparative, miner; superlative, minus.—[Baptist Weekly.]

Questions and Answers.
What remedy is leading the sale of all other remedies?

Ans.—Brown's Iron Bitters.
What medicine is proving itself to be of miraculous merit in restoring lost health, strength and vigor?

Ans.—Brown's Iron Bitters.

Professional.
ALEX. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, DANVILLE, KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boyle and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

JAMES G. GIVENS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 341 5th St., LOUISVILLE, KY.
Practice in all the Courts. Collections promptly made.

T. W. VARNON, WALLACE E. VARNON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, STANFORD, KY.
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H. C. KAUFFMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, KY.
Master Commissioner and County Attorney. Will practice in all the Courts of Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

THOMAS P. HILL, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW, STANFORD, KY.
Will practice in the Courts of this and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Office in Owsley & Son's new building—up stairs.

MASTERSON PEYTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND CLERK OF POOR'S COUNTY, LIBERTY, KY.
Will practice in all the Courts of Casey and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections. Office over E. T. Pierce's store.

LEE F. HUFFMAN, SURGEON DENTIST, STANFORD, KY.
Office—South side Main Street, two doors above the Myers Hotel. Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when required.

R. C. MORGAN, D. D. S., DENTIST.
Will be in Stanford two weeks of each month, from first Monday. Dental rooms in St. Amph Hotel, over McClellan & Bright's. Same time as Lee F. Huffman. Gas administered when necessary.

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**The latest horticultural work—
The Art of Thinning Out Fruit.
By J. Frost.**

A Chance for a Bargain.

I wish to sell my tract of Knob Land—

CONTAINING 100 ACRES!

Situated about 4 miles South of Stanford, and known as the old "Poor-House Farm." It has on it two houses, a barn, and a small garden, and a pond in which a small family can live comfortably, as excellent Spring near the building; many of 300 young Apple Trees and other fruit, many of which are now bearing a good quantity of good timber, such as poplar, oak, chestnut, etc.

J. BLAIN.

Stanford, Ky., February 17, 1882.

Penny & M'Alister

DEALERS IN

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Pure Wines and Liquors for Medical Purposes. Prescriptions accurately compounded. We have also a large and well selected stock of Watches and Jewelry, which we propose to sell at less than city prices. Watches and Jewelry Repaired and Warranted.

STANFORD, KY.

With a Full Corps of Teachers,

This Institution opened its Twelfth Session on the 24th Monday in September last.

ALL THE BRANCHES OF A THOROUGH ENGLISH COURSE

Are taught, as well as

MUSIC, THE LANGUAGES, DRAWING AND PAINTING.

TERMS MODERATE.

In Tuition, prices range from \$25 to \$50 in the regular Departments. Primary, \$25; Intermediate, \$30; Preparatory, \$40, and Collegiate, \$50.

For full particulars, as to Board, &c., address

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.
Tuesday Morning, - April 18, 1882

W. P. WALTON, - - - EDITOR

The Senate very promptly, and perhaps justly, refused to confirm Gov. Blackburn's pet railroad commission, McChesney, Boyd and Thompson, and that put the old man to the trouble of making other nominations. On the second labor, W. M. Beckner, of Clark, D. Howard Smith, of Henry, and W. B. Machen, of Lynn, were brought forth, and the nominations were received by the grave and reverend Senators with undignified applause. With one exception, the new team is a decided improvement on the one rejected. Col. Smith was Auditor of the State for two terms, and is a man of rare good sense; Judge Beckner is editor of the *Winchester Democrat* and a lawyer of ability, while Mr. Machen has served a short term in the United States Senate. They are all men of sense and liberal views, and will likely fill the positions with credit. The salary is \$2,000 per year and expenses.

We learn from good authority that Capt. Tom Henry, democratic candidate for Appellate Clerk, is preparing a statement for the public, which, while admitting that he unconsciously took more whisky than necessary during his late visit to Louisville, will be backed by affidavits that he did not make himself the beast that has been charged, and at no time behaved himself in an ungentlemanly or obscene manner. We sincerely trust that he may be able to put a better aspect upon the whole matter, and are, therefore, willing to suspend judgment until he does.

The Republicans in the Legislature have presented the energetic and capable correspondent of the *Louisville Commercial* with a handsome gold watch. The name of the young gentleman is Mr. Joseph Eakins, and he is the same who came near having his back broken by the irate Governor because he dared to intimate that there was something dark about the pardoning business. Mr. Eakins has showed more spirit than any of the Frankfort correspondents, and is highly deserving of all the honors shown him.

JOHN D. WHITE's eloquence is not appreciated as much in the House of Representatives as it is in the mountainous counties of Clay, Knox and others. He prepared with great care a set speech on the tariff commission bill, and began the deliver of it to a full body, but when he closed there were less than forty members present. He is as much the laughing stock at Washington as he was at Frankfort.

THE Mahone readjusters in Virginia attempted to gerrymander the State in such a way as to give the readjusters eight out of ten Congressmen, but there were three honest men more than thieves in the Senate, and the bill was lost. It is said that this will give the State to the straight-out Democrats, and that the republicans prefer this to the unbearable boss system attempted by Mahone.

THE Attorney General of Pennsylvania has filed 213 suits against mutual insurance companies of that State. The intention is to whip them out of existence. This will not be very gratifying news to numerous parties in the east end of Lincoln and in various localities in Rockcastle, who have invested in them to the full extent of their ability.

THE Connecticut Legislature has very properly adopted a Constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture of intoxicating liquors in that State. The reason we suppose is that the stuff that is made there is so miserably mean that they want the genuine Kentucky article or none.

HON. JOHN A. PRALL, of Lexington, has been sent to the lunatic asylum. He was of counsel for defense in the Buford murder trial, and made a very powerful argument to prove the alleged insanity of the prisoner. Who knows but what that effort cost him his own mind?

THE Virginia Legislature has just passed a bill to employ criminals from the State prison to keep in order the graves of the Confederate soldiers in Holywood Cemetery, and the New York Sun thinks this is pushing the mania for convict labor to extremes.

THE Legislature continues to debate and put off the penitentiary question. They have lost enough time in discussing it to build the institution, counting the expenses of the body at \$1,000 per day.

THERE is some consolation in being deaf. The editor of the *Danville Tribune* says: Dr. Luke P. Blackburn may curse us like Hades, if he wants to do so—we can't hear him any way!

The Cynthiaburg Democrat is of the opinion that Governor Blackburn's statement of what he said about us does not help the matter at all, and that's the opinion of every man who is not blinded by his faith in the great tycoon. The Legislature has as yet taken no action on the matter, and judging from the character of a majority of the body, is not likely to do so. They are afraid of displeasing the Governor, whereas it is due to him, to the people and to us that an investigation should be had. It should not go uncontested that the Governor of Kentucky ever, if he is a pitiful old imbecile, has offered a reward for the killing of a citizen whose only crime has been to criticize his acts; but we can stand it if he can. The press and the people are with us in the matter, while he is left in a most unenviable attitude.

CAPT. HOWGATE, who was in jail at Washington for embezzeling over a hundred thousand dollars from the government was allowed to take a walk on the streets each day in the custody of a bailiff. This worked all right for awhile, but on Friday last he gave his guard the dodge, and now this hightoned thief is enjoying himself outside the borders of the country whose treasury he has robbed. It strikes us that the jailer should be made to suffer the severest penalty of the law; in the first place, for making such a distinction among his prisoners, and in the second, for allowing this man to escape. Of course it was a put up job.

THE Midway Orphan School Trustees have adopted the plan drafted by Architect McMurry, for a new \$100,000 building. There are to be 350 rooms, the edifice to be four stories, and surrounded by an imposing observatory.

The respective Chairman of the Executive Committees of the two wings of the democratic party have issued a joint call for a State Convention of the party in this city, June 19th, to nominate a candidate for Governor of Tennessee.

—The House Committee on Elections Saturday, decided, 7 to 4, that Jesse J. Finley (Dem.), the sitting member, was not elected from the Second District of Florida, and that Horatio Bibbee, Jr. (Rep.), is entitled to the seat.

—At Sedalia, a number of persons who were in the same division with Jesse James, when he was a soldier in the regular Confederate service, have started a subscription for his widow and children. Over two hundred and fifty dollars has already been raised.

—The local papers of Richmond, Va., are endeavoring to get up a grand Centennial Celebration of her corporate existence on the 3rd day of July next. Capt. John Smith discovered the site in 1609, but it was not laid off as a town till 1733. It became a village in 1842 and in 1782, and was declared a city.

—Guiteau is out in another card. "Had they (his relatives) all died," he says, "twenty-five years ago, it would have been a God-send to me." He charges Scoville with a desire to get control of his (Guiteau's) book, and says he has already paid Scoville \$275, which is more than his alleged services are worth.

—Captain H. Howgate, in jail for embezzlement, escaped from his guard Friday afternoon, while visiting his home. He asked permission to go home for a few hours to see his daughter just returned from Vassar College. A guard was sent with him. In some way the baillif lost sight of the prisoner, and the latter escaped.

—Ex-PRESIDENT HAYES has opened his little heart and contributed the vast sum of \$250 to the Garfield memorial fund. Considering that he drew \$200,000 to which he was never entitled, besides numerous and sundry perquisites, he could have afforded a much larger sum.

LEGISLATIVE.

—The Senate has passed the House bill authorizing Lincoln county to appropriate money to build turnpikes.

—Both bodies adjourned on Friday after adopting appropriate resolutions on the death of Hon. Paul J. Donehey.

—On a reconsideration of the bill to take the sense of the people next August as to whether liquors as a beverage shall be manufactured in this State, the Senate rejected it 10 to 17.

—Under the Superior Court bill the State is divided into three districts, from each of which a Judge is to be elected at a salary of \$3,500 a year. This will be known as the Second District, and will be composed of the counties of Monroe, Cumberland, Metcalfe, Russell, Adair, Green, Taylor, Casey, Larue, Lincoln, Clinton, Wayne, Pulaski, Rockcastle, Boyle, Marion, Garrard, Madison, Washington, Nelson, Mercer, Jessamine, Bullitt, Spencer, Jefferson, Shelby, Henry, Franklin, Anderson, Oldham, Trimble, Carroll, Woodford, Jackson, Knox, Laurel and Whitley.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Number of business failures last week 122.

—The Ohio Republican State Convention is to be held on the 7th of June.

—A grand special excursion from Richmond, Va., to Louisville is advertised for May 12.

—Elijah P. Hudnut, a soldier of the war of 1812, died at Maysville on the 14th, aged 85.

—For the second time in two years the Cincinnati Cooperage Company is burned out. Loss, \$110,000.

—Commonwealth's Attorney Robertson is announced as a candidate for Congress in Proctor Knott's district.

—Fargo, Dakota, has suffered \$100,000 in the flood of the Red River of the North, and mud is left knee-deep all over the city.

—The Republican caucus, at Maysville, recently endorsed Col. R. T. Jacob, and recommended the faithful to vote for him.

—The Court of Claims in Clark County has fixed the rate of taxes for county purposes for this year at 80 cts on the dollar.

—The town council of Franklin has declared it an indictable offense to sell anything in that place on Sunday except medicine.

—At Columbus, Ohio, the Grand Jury has indicted two members of the Legislature charged with accepting bribes from lobbyists.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, -- April 18, 1882

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Passenger trains North..... 12 45 P. M.
" " South..... 2 00 "

LOCAL NOTICES.

NICE line of Bird Cages at A. Owsey's.
FRESH car Barrel Lime just received by
A. Owsey.

NEW stock of Jewelry and Silverware at
Penny & McAlister's.

The celebrated Mayfield Water Elevator
for sale by A. Owsey.

BUY Louisville Head-light Oil, 175
test, from Penny & McAlister.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired
and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

J. H. & S. H. SHANKS are receiving and
opening a lot of men's and boy's clothing.
You will find the best 5-cent and 2-for-
5 cents cigar in town at Penny & McAlister's.

LANDRETH'S GARDEN SEEDS of all
kinds, in bulk and in papers, at McRoberts
& Stagg's.

ALL those indebted to the firm of De-
vance & Dudderer and Severance & Shanks
& Co., will please call and settle.

THE stock of J. H. & S. H. Shanks is
now complete with beautiful styles of
Spring Goods. If you don't believe it, just
call on them and see.

HAVE 5,000 plants ready for market.
All kinds of early cabbage at 35 cents per
hundred, and a variety of tomatoes 15 for
a dime. Romaine Lettuce.

We are just receiving and opening a
large lot of Zeigler & Bros.' Ladies' and
Children's Shoes for Spring and Summer
wear. J. H. & S. H. Shanks.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. MARY NUNNELLEY, of Lexing-
ton, is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. T. Mat-
tingly.

MRS. VIRGINIA TRUEHEART has re-
turned from Huntington, W. Va., where
she spent the winter.

MISS HATTIE BIBB AND JENNIE
DANIELS are guests of Misses M. Calien
and Helen Thurmond.

W. H. ANDERSON, Esq., has gone into
the grocery and hardware business in Har-
per, Kansas. We hope he is not there for
good.

Mrs. SARAH J. WELLS and her
daughter, Miss Jennie Bucharas, of Crab
Orchard left yesterday to visit relatives in
Vermont.

Mrs. SALLIE C. TRUEHEART AND
Mrs. M. A. TIMBERLAKE have returned
from a visit to the family of Col. W. T.
Knott, Lebanon.

Mr. R. T. MATTINGLY, of this place,
has bought a half interest in a large flour-
ing mill at Upton, in Hardin county, and
will hence in a few weeks.

THE Durango (Col.) Record says that
J. R. Cooke, late of the Greenwood coal
mines, W. F. Marr and George Middle-
ton have bought the famous Newman gold
mine, which will yield 54 tons of pay-
ing ore per day. They are now working 75
men.

BEN M. BURDETT, Esq., of Garrard, is
mentioned as a candidate for Judge of the
Superior Court. Mr. Burdett is a lawyer
of prominence in his district, with a fine
practice in the Court of Appeals. He pos-
sesses all the qualifications for the position.
--[Frankfort Yeoman.]

LOCAL MATTERS.

NICE new lot of Baby Carriages at B. K.
Weaver's.

CALL on Farris & Ramsey for choice
beef and other meats.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND BRICK for
sale. Apply to Henry Baughman, Stan-
ford.

HAVING determined to reduce my stock
of clothing, I offer great bargains in that
line. J. W. Hayden.

MR. J. T. HARRIS has fresh fish for sale
twice a week—Wednesday and Saturday;
and don't you forget it.

There has been three heavy frosts since
our last report, but we are told that there
are still some peaches and plenty of apples
left.

A CYTHIANA girl asked Mr. Barnes if
he could remove her freckles by anointing
her. Our information does not state the
answer of the good evangelist.

THE P. G. R.'s are not only pretty but
solid. Six of them tip the beam at 796
pounds, an average of 132½ pounds. The
largest single accumulation of sweetness is
149½ pounds.

THE ANGEL SCENE, the Terrace Scene—
Husman proclaiming Mordecai the favored
of the King—and several other tableaux
are alone worth the price of admission next
Friday night.

TO-MORROW was the day set for the
exection of William Austin, but he will
not hang. The Court of Appeals has gotten
hold of the case, and that means a good
deal for Austin.

THE old citizen's invariable rule that
seven rainy Sundays follow a rainy Easter,
has an exception for once. It didn't
rain last Sunday, but it was the first clear
one for six or eight weeks.

SHERIFF McEEFER closed out the stock
of goods of Kennedy & Sander at auction
Saturday. It invoiced \$800, but only
brought \$565. The liabilities of the firm
are said to be at least \$2,500.

THE war claimants whose names were
recently published in this paper, in a few days
as both Houses of Congress has passed an
appropriation bill for their payment.

THE Sheriff took George Garnett, col'd,
to the "Pen" yesterday, leaving ten pris-
oners in jail that may yet have to take the
same trip. Garnett will remain four years
for robbery. His white accomplice is still
at large.

A GREAT commotion was created in the
Presbyterian Church Sunday by Mrs. J. B.
Owens falling from her seat apparently
dead. Several physicians were called, and
after a short time she revived sufficiently
to be taken home. It was pronounced an
attack of vertigo, from which she has now
nearly recovered.

CARPERS at bottom prices at E. P. Ow-
ley's.

THE Lincoln Mills will do custom
grinding on Tuesday, Thursday and Sat-
urday of each week, until further notice.

BANK STOCK.—Col. W. G. Welch, ad-
ministrator of John Shanks, advertises
the sale of 67 shares of Farmers National
Bank Stock to occur in Stanford, on
April 29.

ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING.—Frye Blacker-
ton accidentally shot John Kelley at Junction
City Sunday night with a pistol. The
wind is in the head, but is not considered
dangerous.

ESTHER, the beautiful Queen, the most
popular of American Spectacular and Dra-
matic Operas, will be rendered at Opera House Friday
night.

JUDGE BROWN declines to enter into a
newspaper controversy with "Observer,"
satisfied that he has acted in the matter
solely as the law directed.

JUDGE R. J. BRECKINRIDGE, who is
Common Pleas Judge of this District, won
so many good opinions as an honest, cor-
rect and conscientious dispenser of justice
is a candidate for Superior Judge in this
district. He is, without a question, popular
gentleman, and will make a top rate
judge. His democracy is as pure, too, as Jeff-
erson's.

NICE LINE of Combination and side-
band Ginghams and Calicos can now be
seen at J. W. Hayden's.

EVERY one should read the Book of
Esther. They will then be enabled to ap-
preciate the Drama at Opera House Friday
night next.

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MARRIAGES.

STONE-WILLIAM.—At the residence
of the bride's parents, Cyrus M. Moberly,
of Garrard county, Ky., Mr. Perry Stone
and Miss Willham. Miss was handsomely dressed in a garnet cashmere,
trimmed in brocade satin, and never looked
more beautiful. Mr. Perry has won a lit-
tle jewel; their ages are 19 and 17. The
attendants were Mr. John Ray and Miss
Mary Ray. Her uncle gave her an ele-
gant supper, which was largely attended by
friends and relatives, and the next day
the groom's mother gave them a dinner,
which was a most elegant affair. May
they live long and happily. E. J. Moberly.

DEATHS.

—Carrie, an infant daughter of Rev. J.
E. Triplett, died Sunday night of pneumonia.
The funeral sermon will be preached
at McKinney this morning at 8 o'clock,
after which the remains will be taken to
Danville for interment.

RELIGIOUS.

—The new Christian Church at Elizabeth-
town was dedicated last Sunday morning.
A collection to pay off a debt of \$280 realized
\$325.

—Horse Cave is soon to enjoy a theolog-
ical discussion between Elder J. S. Swain,
of the Christian Church, and Rev. J.
Ditzler, D. D., of the Methodist Church.

—Since January 1st there has been 2,729
conversions in the Baptist, Presbyterian,
and Methodist Churches in Cincinnati.
The latter church largely leads in numbers.

—The General Assembly of the Cumber-
land Presbyterians Church of the United
States will convene in Huntsville, Ala.
May 18, and remain in session about eight
days.

—The Baldwin Faith Cure is in full
blast in Louisville, and the current issue
of the Democrat gives a long-list of contri-
butions to it. Can such a thing flourish in
enlightened Louisville?

—Rev. I. S. McElroy, of Stanford, is
engaged to speak at the annual meeting
of the Evangelical Alliance, held at the
Methodist Church, on May 10.

—H. C. Bennett, of Covington, has
bought a large farm in that city.

—The reserved seat sale for the Opera of
Esther, exceeds that for any entertainment
ever given here. The first day that they
were offered (Friday) there were 52 taken,
and the sale has continued right along
since. See McRoberts & Stagg at once or
you will get left.

—Lewis R. Jones sold to Reuben Harris
a three year old unbroke filly for \$100.

—F. D. Albright has sold his wool clip
at 25 cents per lb. to Hale & Nunneley.

—HALE & NUNNELLEY have bought al-
ready 30,000 pounds of wool, most of it at
will.

—Dogs killed 3 sheep belonging to M.
O. Vanderveer, near Richmond junction
on Saturday night.

—The proprietors of Lincoln Mills want
to buy 500 or 600 barrels of corn, for which
they will pay the highest market price.

—H. T. Bush sold to Farris, Wood &
Co., 16 3-year-old cattle, weighing about
1,050 pounds at 5½ cents; and 4 weighing
about 850 pounds, at 5½ cents.

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STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, - April 18, 1882

Gwendolen and Oscar.

"Do not slug him, papa." Gwendolen Mahaffy said these words quickly, and with an earnestness that showed how her whole heart was wrapped up in the young man in whose behalf they were spoken. It was a beautiful evening in Jane-rosy-cheeked June—month of flowers and song and gay bills. The sun, that golden-brown monarch of the skies, had sunk to rest beneath a great bank of snowy-topped clouds that were piled athwart the western sky, and the few roseate gleams of swiftly-dying light that still shone up from beneath the horizon only served to intensify, if possible, the ruddy glory of departing day. At the Castle Mahaffy so sound broke the 7:45 o'clock silence save the occasional note of a cricket beneath the flagstones and the low twittering of the swallows as they nestled beneath the eaves and chirped to each other a sleepy good-night.

Oscar Redingote was Adelbert Mahaffy's adopted son. Years ago, when Gwendolen was but a baby and the proud father had gone out one evening for another bucket of soothing syrup to keep her from howling the roof of the house off, he had found Oscar, then a boy of seven, trying to rob a blind man. He had taken the little waif home, brought him up as his own child, and now, at five-and-twenty, Oscar was on the Board of trade. He had resumed the old business.

During all these years that Gwendolen and Oscar had been growing up together there had risen in their hearts a passionate love, almost wicked in its intensity, and not two months ago they had plighted their troth and sealed their vows with a large tooth-starting kiss that made Gwendolen club herself for all she had been missing. It was the avowal of this second compact that had caused grim-visaged old Mr. Mahaffy to rear his horrid front and declare that it should never be—that sooner than see his daughter wedded to one whose pedigree no man knew, he would fire the trusting lover over the picket fence. He would have followed his harsh words with a blow, but Gwendolen had stopped him by saying, in the coldly-calm tone with which she would express her anger, the words with which this chapter opens.

"No, papa," she said, when the violence of the old man's wrath had in some measure abated, "you must not strike Oscar, for in a few short months I shall be his wife."

"Dost thou know what thou art saying, child?" said the old man—"what thou art doing?"

"Yes," replied the girl, "I know all about it. I know that I love Oscar tenderly, deeply, devotedly; that without the sunshine of his smile my life would be as dreary and desolate as a cakewalk after I have toyed with its contents. I know that in the Fall, when the leaves are turning brown and heavy flannels are being fished up from the bottoms of trunks, I am to be married to Oscar—to place my pure, young heart in the keeping of one who has promised to cherish and guard my happiness and invest my life with the halo of a love as sacred as it is true, until the silent messenger of death shall part us forever with his icy and invisible hand"—and with these words the fair young girl placed her arms around Oscar's neck, and let her head, with its mass of sunnily-gold curls, fall trustfully on his shoulder.

"So you have given this young man your heart, my lass?" said the old man, in cold, sneering tones.

"Yes, father, I have," was Gwendolen's reply, "and I shall never repeat my action."

"You had much better," said her father, while a baleful light shot from his eyes, "have kept your heart and given him your liver, for it's little need you'll have for the latter, if you depend upon him for food to keep it going," and with a demon-like laugh, he started over to get full. * * *

Two Summers have come and gone. Gwendolen, a look of happy contentment in her face, sits in a tapestry room of the Castle Mahaffy singing a mother-song to a babe, whose big blue eyes wander wonderingly around the apartment, and whose chubby little hands tug heartily at the sides of the cradle in which it is lying. Presently Oscar comes into the room and kisses Gwendolen.

"Do you know, dear, that it is two years to date since we were married?"

"Yes, sweetie," is the reply.

"And do you remember what your father said that evening when he first heard of our engagement?"

"Yes, darling."

"We have been living with him ever since our marriage, have we not?"

"Yes, my love?"

"The old man has a great head, Gwendolen," said Oscar. "He sized me up exactly. He is getting old now and we must never leave him."

"You bet we musn't!" was Gwendolen's reply, "if we want anything to eat."—[Chicago Tribune.]

Short rations did not emaciate the heroes of the Revolution much. On the 10th of August, 1778, the American officers at West Point were weighed, with the following result: Gen. Washington, 209 pounds; Gen. Lincoln, 224; Gen. Knox, 280; Gen. Huntington, 182; Gen. Green, 166; Col. Swift, 319; Col. Michael Jackson, 252; Col. Henry Jackson, 238; Lieut. Col. Huntington, 212; Lieut. Col. Cobb, 182; Lieut. Col. Humphreys, 221 pounds.

They have a new game in Indiana. A man who can hold an egg in either hand and jump five feet without breaking the eggs by involuntary squeezing wins the bet.

A Mississippi Pilot's Story.

The passenger, who was going down the big river for the first time in his life, secured permission to climb up beside the pilot, a grim old grayback who never told a lie in his life.

"Many alligators in the river?" inquired the stranger, after a look around.

"Not so many now, since they got to shooting them for their hide and tallow," was the reply.

"Used to be lots, eh?"

"I don't want to tell you about 'em stranger," replied the pilot, sighing heavily.

"Why?"

"Cause you'd think I was lying to you, and that's sumthin' I never do. I can cheat at cards, drink mean whisky, or chew poor tobacco, but I can't lie."

"Then there used to be lots of 'em?" inquired the passenger.

"I'm most afraid to tell you mister, but I've counted 'em hundred alligators to the mile from Vicksburg clear down to New Orleans. That was years ago, before a shot was ever fired at 'em."

"Well I don't doubt it," replied the stranger.

"And I've counted 3,659 of them on a sand bar," continued the pilot. "It looks big to tell, but a government surveyor was aboard, and he checked them off as I called out."

"I haven't the least doubt of it," said the passenger, as he heaved a sigh.

"I'm glad o' that, stranger, some fellers would think I'm a liar when I'm telling the solemn truth. This used to be a paradise for alligators, and they were so thick that the wheels of the boat killed an average of forty-nine a mile."

"Is that so?"

"True as gospel, mister! I used to almost feel sorry for the cussed brutes, 'cause they'd cry out e'en most like a human being. We killed lots of 'em as I said, and we hurt a pile more. I sailed with one captain who always carried a thousand bottles of liniment along to throw over to the wounded ones!"

"He did?"

"True as you live, he did. I don't speak ill ever see another such kind, christian man. And the alligators got to know the Nancy Jane, and to know Capt. Tom, and they'd swim out and rub their tails agin the boat and purr like cats, and look up and try to smile!"

"They would?"

"Solemn truth stranger! And once when we grounded on a bar, with an opposite boat right behind, the alligators gathered around, got under stars and jumped her clear over the bar by a grand push! It looks like a big story, but I never told a lie yet, and I never shall; I wouldn't lie for all the money you could put aboard this boat."

There was a painful pause, and after a while the pilot continued:

"Our ingines gun out once, and a crowd of alligators took a tow-line and hauled us fifteen miles up stream to Vicksburg."

"They did?"

"And when the news got along the river that Capt. Tom was dead, every alligator on the river daubed his left ear with mud as badge of mourning, and lots of 'em pined and died."

The passenger left the pilot-house with the remark that he didn't doubt the statement, and the old man gave the wheel a turn and replied:

"That's one thing I won't do for love or money, and that's make a liar of myself. "I was brung up by a good mother, and I'll stick to the truth if this boat don't make a cent."—[Vicksburg Herald.]

A curious adventure, resulting from a mistake, occurred in Manchester, England, a few evenings ago. A gentleman who had been staying with friends until a very early hour the morning started for home somewhat the worse for liquor. When he arrived at a street in which he supposed he lived, he knocked at the door of a house. Failing to awaken any of the occupants, he went round the adjoining houses to the back entrance of the building. Here he climbed over a yard door and effected an entrance into the house by means of a window. Some food, the remains of the evening's supper, was upon the table, and of this he partook. He then pulled off his boots and prepared to go to bed. He managed to ascend the stairs and entered a bedroom. In the room a most astounding spectacle met his eye. In the bed before him lay peaceful in sleep a lady, whom he supposed was his wife, and a gentleman. Jumping, without hesitation, to the belief that his wife had been guilty of a great crime, he seized the sleeping gentleman and dragged him out of bed. A fierce struggle ensued, which resulted in the two men riding down stairs. All at once it then dawned on the inebriated contestant that he had gone into the wrong house, and he rushed out of the place with amazing rapidity. Happening to come across a cab, he hailed the driver and gave most urgent instructions to be driven to the house of an acquaintance in town. At this place he was supplied with a pair of boots in place of those he had left at the house of his adventure.

At a prayer meeting of colored people, the decency and good order of the meeting being disturbed by a negro named Brown, whose prayers in public were incoherent ravings, the pastor inquired: "What fool nigger is dat prayin' down dar near the door?" A dozen people replied with one voice, "It am Brudder Brown, sah." "Den," replied the pastor, "Brudder Brown, subside, and let some pray dat's better quainted wid de Lord."

A man trades a \$70 watch for a \$45 shotgun, pays \$5 for repairs and then exchanges it for a \$30 horse, which kicks a \$28 cow to death and then dies of a broken heart. How much did the man lose?

Toughness of the Egg-shells of an Arctic Bird.

Mr. H. W. Elliott, in his "Monograph of the Sea Islands of Alaska," says that the thick-billed guillemot is the only egg bird that has the slightest economic value to man on the Pribilof Islands, where it is locally known as the "ariee," from its harsh cry of "arr-a-arr." The bird itself is the counterpart of our ordinary barnyard duck, but it cannot walk or even waddle as the domestic swan does. It lays a single egg, large and very fancifully colored, and the most palatable of all the varieties found on the islands, and hence much sought after by the natives. A large proportion of the eggs become so dirty by rolling here and there in the guano, while the birds tread and fight over them, as farmers do apples, into their tubs and baskets, on the cliffs, and then carry them down to the general heap or collection near the boat's landing, where they pour them out upon the rocks with a single flip of the hand, just as a sack of potatoes would be emptied; and then again after this they are quite as carefully handled when loaded into the "bidarrah," sustaining through it all a very trifling loss from crushed or broken ones.

A jocose conductor on a California railroad indulged in a little practical joke, the other day, that was unpleasant in its consequences. Among his passengers were a lady and gentleman occupying a seat together, with whom he was acquainted. They both became drowsy with the motion of the train, and the conductor, just for a joke, borrowed a pair of handcuffs from a sheriff who was in the car, and attached their wrists together with the coldly glittering bracelets. Then he raised a racket and the pair woke up. There was a laugh all around and it seemed to be a very excellent little joke, until the lady asked to be released, as she was approaching her destination, when the sheriff was horrified to discover that he had lost the key. A file was found, however, and the release effected just as the train arrived at the port, where the lady's husband was awaiting her. There was a clammy sweat upon that conductor's brow as he realized what a predicament he would have been in had he not been equipped with a file. It might have been difficult to have explained his position to the husband, and for the gentleman coupled to her. The best practical jokes are those that are omitted altogether.—[Detroit Free Press.]

SECRETS OF NEWSPAPER MEN.

There is probably no newspaper man of experience in the country who does not hold secrets of importance in his mind which, if made public, would make a sensation, but would stamp him as being unreliable, and consequently unfit for his profession. The great race for precedence in the publication of news impels him to do his utmost to outstrip his contemporaries, but a higher feeling, the dictate of honor, keeps sacred the trusts reposed. Frequently a person would like to know the authorship of certain matters published, and whether his efforts are directed to "pumping" the managing editor or the galley boy, they are alike fruitless. Every compositor on a paper, as a rule, knows the handwriting he sets up, but if any other persons think they can learn it from him well, let them try it.—[Vicksburg Herald.]

SECRETS OF NEWSPAPER MEN.

I offer for sale privately my House and Lot, conveniently located, in the West end of Stanford. The lot has, besides the dwelling and out houses, a cottage suitable for a small family, and the whole lies in such a way that several more cottages could be built, giving to each a good yard and garden. Persons desiring such property will please call on or address me at Stanford, and apply to W. P. Walton, of the INTERIOR JOURNAL.

21-tf MRS. MARY LOGAN.

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